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The past week has been more successful and presented even more variety of attraction than its immediate precursor. The *Eroica* of Beethoven, the third, and one of the finest, if not finest, of Beethoven's cycle of symphonies (commenced in 1803 and finished in 1804), was admirably executed from beginning to end. It is very long, so long, indeed, that Beethoven himself suggests it should be placed early, rather than late, in a concert programme, in order that it may be listened to with the attention indispensable to a due appreciation of the affect aimed at by the composer. The length of the symphony, however, was not felt on this occasion by the crowded audience, including a very large majority of the "promenaders," who did not leave their standing ground till all was over, and who warmly applauded movement after movement, more especially the sublime *adagio*, generally accepted under the name of *Marcia Funebra*, and the wonderful *finale*, in which two melodies previously used by Beethoven in his ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* (1800-1), are made the themes for variations exhibiting a wealth of invention almost without precedent. Of course the opening *allegro*, matchless in its way, is the greatest of the four sections into which this great symphony is divided; but it is also the least easy to understand without frequent hearings. The animated *scherzo*, and the characteristic trio, with horns, can never fail to please even the uninitiated. We have again to praise Mr Arthur Sullivan for the irreproachable correctness of his *tempi*, and the quiet self-possession marking his direction of the performance throughout. At this concert, Mdme Montigny-Rémaury played the D minor concerto of Mendelssohn even better than on the first occasion—which is saying a great deal; and Auber's tuneful and brilliant overture, composed for our International Exhibition of 1862, was welcome, as it always is and must be, when given with such spirit. There was also a "Poème Symphonique," entitled *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, which, we think, would sound much better on the pianoforte than in the orchestra. These "Poèmes Symphoniques" begin to tire a little, seeing that they are seldom very poetical, and are never by any chance "symphonic," in the sense that "symphonic" has come to be accepted. Nor is *Le Rouet d'Omphale* by any means one of the best of them. As we have referred in encouraging terms to the custom of allowing some of the leading members of the orchestra more frequent opportunities of display as soloists, we ought not to forget Mr Hughes, who manages that colossal instrument the ophecleide as if it were a child's toy, which his facile execution of the love song of Polyphemus, "O ruddier than the cherry," sufficed to show. The audience like such tests of "virtuosity," and it is well to gratify them as often as it may be found expedient. They will listen, if thus bribed, with all the truer zest to a symphony, overture, or concerto. The singers were Mdmes Rose Hersee and Antoinette Sterling, Mdle Alma Verdini, and Mr Bridson, who all did much to vary and enliven the performance, although, except the air from the Italian version of Weber's *Abu Hassan*, which gained an encore for Mdme Sterling, there was nothing so novel as to demand special notice. We had also some very pretty and agreeable music from Mr G. Jacobi's ballet, *Yolande*, consisting of four pieces, each of a distinctive character, and each graced with a title that allowed the music to tell its own story intelligibly.

On the third "classical" night the symphony was Haydn's so-called "Military," in G, which, although that prolific composer has left us two other symphonies in the same key much superior, has always been, and is likely to remain, popular on account of its second movement, to which it owes the conventional nomenclature (like so many other conventional nomenclatures) attached to it. For an orchestra like that directed by Mr Sullivan such a task is easy, and that the performance was good in all respects will be readily believed. The impetuous overture to *Euryanthe*, an opera upon which Schumann said that Weber had "spent his heart's blood," but which was no more successful in Vienna, in 1823, than Mozart's perennial *Figaro* had been thirty-seven years before (Mozart taking his revenge with *Don Giovanni*, at Prague, where *Le Nozze* had been received with enthusiasm, and Weber his, with *Oberon*, in London, where *Der Freischütz* had already made him famous), is so familiar to our London orchestras that a performance beyond criticism might have been anticipated. Not less familiar to them by this time is the *scherzo* (we cannot regard it as a "minuet") from Mendelssohn's so much talked of *Reformation*

*Symphony*, which so long kept from the public, was at last produced by Mr August Manns at the Crystal Palace concert in the winter of 1867, and hailed by a vast audience with genuine enthusiasm. Through repeated performances the *Reformation Symphony* has become as generally popular as any work of the kind bequeathed to the art by its richly endowed composer; and the *scherzo*, with its exquisitely delicate *alternativo*, not forgetting the many and great beauties contained in the other movements, and despite its seeming discordance with the context, for the most part so staid and severe, is the movement that gains the most general and immediate acceptance among all not intimately conversant with the work in its integrity. The solo, with orchestral accompaniments, was again for pianoforte, and again Mdme Montigny-Rémaury was pianist. This accomplished lady's execution of the A minor concerto of Schumann was, perhaps, the greatest triumph she has achieved in the course of her too brief engagement. The most zealous and ardent of Schumann's worshippers could not have felt otherwise than satisfied, with such real earnestness did she enter upon her task, and with such spirit and unfailing accuracy sustain it to the conclusion. We have heard this concerto played by several other pianists of mark, but, with a single exception, by not one of them so thoroughly well. The exception, it need scarcely be said, is Mdme Schumann herself—distinguished enough as Clara Wieck, doubly so as Clara Schumann. Among the singers on this occasion was Mdle Alma Verdini, who will persist in favouring the audience with Venzano's waltz, "Ah! che assorta"—for the reason, perhaps, that she sings it well and is invariably encored. Miss Butterworth, from the Royal Academy of Music, one of our rising contraltos, among other things gave Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura," to words by the Abbé Carpani, author of a biography of Haydn, which, although at the instance of a lady of distinction at Vienna, put to music no less than sixty-three times, is the only setting that may be said to live out of eighteen published by the house of Peters, of Leipzig, and, in all probability, the only one worth preserving. Mr Barton McGuckin made a sensible impression in Herr Blumenthal's still popular song, "The Message," so inseparably connected with the name of Sims Reeves, and was much and deservedly applauded. He was accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Marlois, to whom music of all kinds appears to be familiar. The second part of the programme, conducted with his accustomed ability by Mr Cellier (the first movement of whose interesting symphony is anxiously looked forward to by amateurs watching with interest the progress of English art), began with an excellent performance of M. Suppé's lively overture to *Poet and Peasant*, now tolerably well known to London theatrical audiences. All the rest was "miscellaneous," so as to accommodate every taste.

Friday was an "English night," and for the most part the entire programme was devoted to the works of English musicians. There were rare exceptions, one of them being Auber's charmingly melodious overture to *La Sirène*, to which no English lover of music or any lover of music would be likely to object, and another, poor Jullien's animated Quadrille upon English airs, reminding many of old and pleasant times. The prominent feature of the opening part was a symphony in F major by Mr Hamilton Clarke. Amateurs know that Mr Clarke is a composer of more than ordinary promise, and were, therefore, not surprised to hear a work of more than ordinary merit. The symphony is in four movements, the first of which, *allegro molto appassionato*, constructed mainly upon two themes, combined and worked out with great ingenuity, fully bears out its title. The second movement, a *larghetto*, in the key of the subdominant, is of a more tranquil character, though diversified by episodes, and especially one, given out by the violoncellos, which effectively contrasts with the leading subject. The third, "*molto grazioso*," is a minuet, so graceful and tuneful that a more fitting designation could hardly be applied to it. It has also a very engaging *alternativo* equally noticeable. The *finale*, prefaced by a kind of recitative, most effective in its place, is an "*allegro molto*," full of vigour, instrumented for the orchestra with all varieties of combination and contrast, while preserving consistency throughout. The whole terminates impressively with a reference to the opening phrase of the *allegro appassionato*. The symphony was capably played under the direction of its composer, to whom Mr Sullivan, who deserves much credit for having produced it, courteously yielded the *bâton*. The applause at the end was unanimous and genuine.



A work, however, of such pretension must be heard again to be appreciated at its worth. An "Entr'acte" and "Rustic Dance" by Mr Alfred Cellier, another English composer from whom much may be expected, was also a feature in the first part of the programme, which began with the regretted Vincent Wallace's overture to *Maritana*, and ended with Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Ouverture di Ballo*, which, besides being intrinsically a spirited and characteristic piece of music, shows how a true master can put into logical and consistent form a series of themes each calculated to give life and charm to the spirit of the dance. This overture is in its way unique. The soloist was our foremost English violinist, Mr Carrodus, Molique's favourite and gifted pupil, whose "Fantasia on Scotch airs," besides being constructed with great cleverness, was marvellous as a mere feat of executive power. Mr Carrodus was twice called back. The singers were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Mary Davies, Mdle Alma Verdini, and Mr Edward Lloyd.

At the concert on Saturday, when the theatre, as on the previous night, was thronged in almost every part, there was more than one feature of interest. Mendelssohn's splendid overture to *Ruy Blas* was played, as also the grotesque "Funeral March of a Marionette," by M. Gounod, which won the applause it is accustomed to whenever and wherever heard. Amateurs have not forgotten the hearty reception accorded some time ago to M. Paul Viardot, when he played Mendelssohn's violin concerto at a Philharmonic concert. M. Viardot chose for his *début* at the Promenades the same piece, and could hardly have done more wisely. It is just suited to his playing, which in the melodious *andante* reached the most refined and deep-felt expression, while in the animated and irresistible *finale* it exhibited powers of another character, showing that the executant was master no less of the one than of the other. In the first movement he seemed to be a little nervous; but on closer acquaintance with the large audiences that assemble at Covent Garden his nervousness will doubtless vanish, and the series of performances for which he is engaged may be looked forward to with interest. M. Viardot was applauded with unanimity. The delicious *Arlésienne* of Georges Bizet was another feature of the first part, the chief attraction of the second being a highly effective "selection" from Mr Sullivan's comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, evidently made by a practised hand, and comprising some of the most striking melodies—such as the opening chorus, Josephine's first song, the songs of Sir J. Porter and Captain Corcoran, that of "Little Buttercup," and a large portion of the *finale* to Act I. Nothing could be better in its way, nothing better than the solo playing of Messrs Radcliff, Horton, Lazarus, Hughes, and H. Reynolds (flute, oboe, clarinet, ophicleide, and cornet), and nothing better than the orchestral *ensemble*, under the direction of Mr Sullivan himself. A set of quadrilles, entitled "Echoes of London," written by Mr C. Coote, Junr., formed a light and pleasing addition to the programme. The singers were Mdle Verdini, Miss Anna Williams, Messrs Maybrick and Edward Lloyd, the last of whom "carried away" the audience in Mr Sullivan's "Once Again," and all obtaining more or less hearty applause.

With regard to Monday's concert, it will suffice to state that the B flat Symphony of Beethoven was played just as finely as its three precursors, and that there was a capital performance of Auber's overture to *Masaniello*, under the able direction of Mr Cellier. On the fourth "classical" night (we wish some other epithet than "classical" could be chosen), the symphony was Spohr's gorgeous and picturesque *Weihe der Tone* (which Mr Sullivan should know better than to translate "Power of Sound"), the only overture being Mendelssohn's prelude to the *Athalie* of Racine, one of the most earnest and magnificent of all his orchestral pieces. M. Paul Viardot introduced some rather time-worn variations by Corelli ("La Follia"), which he played remarkably well; and Mr Lazarus charmed the entire audience by his truly impressive delivery of the *largo* from Mozart's clarinet concerto in A. Nothing is more congenial to the sympathetic tone and phrasing of our great clarinetist than the expressive slow phrases of the most tuneful of composers. A new young vocalist, Mdle Stella Faustina, with a very agreeable if not powerful soprano, showed great acquirement, and still greater promise, in Rossini's "Una voce," and Bellini's "Ah! non giunge," the last of which she was compelled to repeat. Mdle Faustina, we understand, has studied with Mr Maurice Strakosch, who first brought out Adeline Patti. The theatre has been crowded every night.

#### CIRO PINSUTI AT SIENNA.

(Extract from a Letter.)



One of the greatest musical successes of the season has been Signor Pinsuti's *Mercante di Venezia*, which has attracted a succession of crowded houses, and proved the manager's great card during the "race-week," just passed. All are loud in its praise. I happen to have before me a notice written by the critic of one of the leading journals, *La Gazzetta d'Italia*. Here are a few lines selected from about a column of eulogium:—

"The enthusiasm with which this opera was received last winter at the Pagliano relieves me from the necessity of going into a detailed account of it. I may state, however, my opinion that ere long we shall see the work performed with the greatest success in all the theatres of Italy. To my thinking, Pinsuti's *Mercante di Venezia* is distinguished by qualities not easily found combined; spontaneity and facile melody advance hand in hand with elaborate instrumentation, which is equivalent to saying that Pinsuti is a profound musical scholar; he knows what beauties are obtainable from certain well calculated combinations, and, at the same time, is endowed with the melodic vein, the fancy which suggests ideas of marvellous loveliness."

The principal artists, Signora Pozzi-Ferrari, Signori Santinelli, Del Carnili, and Buzzi, are much and deservedly applauded throughout the opera, the performance of which is ably conducted by Sig. Formichi. Inspired, no doubt, by the success of *Il Mercante di Venezia*, Sig. Pinsuti has retired to an estate he possesses not far from this city, and is now busily engaged on a new lyric work.

[We all know *Ciro Pinsuti* here in London, and can readily appreciate at their worth the praises of his cordial and out-spoken critic.—D. P.]

#### MR JOSEPH ROBINS.

This gentleman, whose full name was Joseph Henry Robins, died on Friday, the 23rd inst., aged 51, and was buried on Tuesday, the 27th, in the Brompton Cemetery. An original member of the celebrated Fielding Club, he formed one of a band of gay, rollicking, clever men connected with literature and art, either directly as professing, or indirectly as admiring and appreciating them, who used to assemble in a well-known house near Covent Garden, and whose meetings were noted equally for bright, flashing wit and sincere good-fellowship. Sprung of a family who were, so to speak, part and parcel of the classic ground in the immediate vicinity of what were once the two "patent" Theatres—one uncle was the famous George Robins, the emperor of the rostrum—the subject of this short notice commenced preparing himself for the battle of life by being apprenticed to an uncle who practised as a surgeon in Bedford Street, W.C. On leaving his uncle's surgery, Joseph entered at the Middlesex Hospital, which he "walked" for the usual period. During the walk, he made the acquaintance of the late Albert Smith, a student in the same institution, and a great friendship, which lasted till the death of the former, and the recollection of which was tenderly cherished by the survivor to the end of his life, sprang up between them. "Joe," as he was familiarly and affectionately called by his friends, never felt any great love for the noble art of healing, and now he liked it less than ever. He made up his mind to "throw physic to the dogs," and the Hospital knew him no more. He always had a great desire to choose the stage for a profession, and, after a short and unsuccessful essay in the City as a man of business, he eventually gratified his wish. There is no doubt he was much influenced in taking this step by the great success he achieved as the Clown in the amateur pantomime of *Guy Fawkes*; or, *A Match for a King*. "The prologue by Mr Tom Taylor. The opening by Messrs Albert Smith and W. P. Hale, from a dramatic sketch in *The Man in the Moon* by Mr Edward Draper. The comic scenes by Mr Arthur Smith. The general arrangements by Mr W. H. Payne." The first performance took place on March 31st, 1855, at the Olympic Theatre, and went off so brilliantly that the whole town was soon full of it. Even Royalty had its curiosity aroused, and expressed

a desire to see the marvellous exhibition, which was accordingly repeated in the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Friday, May 11th, 1855. As the cast may interest both those who are contemporaries of the actors, so many of whom have, alas! made their final exit, and those who belong to a younger generation, we here give it, the *real* names of the actors being appended in italics:—

"THE PROLOGUE. The Shade of Shakespere, Mr C. A. Cole; The Modern Drama, Mr Palgrave Simpson; The Spirit of Pantomime, Miss M. Oliver.—THE PANTOMIME. Guy Fawkes (a Spanish Dutchman, kindly disposed to give the Parliament a lift), Mr Fludyer Norwood, from the Alhambra Spielhuis, Amsterdam, and Theatre Royal, Canterbury (*Mr T. Knox Holmes*), afterwards Clown, the celebrated Little Hulme, from the Arène Nationale, Hampton Wick (*Mr Joe Robins*); Catesby, a discontented patriot of the period, anxious to carry out his principle, but always preserve his own interest, Mr Mountain White, from the Bower Saloon, Geneva (*Mr Albert Smith*), afterwards Harlequin, Mr Giovannini, from La Scaly, at Milan (*Mr John Bidwell*); Lord Montague, an insured party, whose life is, therefore, valuable at the Office, Mr H. Strong, from the principal Theatres on the Home Circuit (*Mr W. P. Hale*), afterwards Pantaloon, Mr Hayward Heath, the celebrated Balaklava Biblioplist (*Mr Arthur Smith*); Sir Godfrey Tresham, Captain of the Guard, Mr Colling Forest, from the Aurora Rotunda, Night Rider Street (*Mr A. Collingwood Ibbetson*), afterwards The Lover, Mr Martin Le Grand, from the Cirque National de la Poste (*Mr Edmund Yates*); Astaroth ('Oh, no! we never mention,' &c.), Mr Coke, from the King Cole's Head, Newcastle (*Mr C. A. Cole*); First Conspirator, alias Rookwood, Mr Josephs, from Truefitt's Saloon (*Mr Joe Langford*); Second Conspirator, alias Percy, The Mulligan, by the kind permission of M. A. Titmarsh, Esqre., from the T. R. Shannon Shore (*Mr Morgan J. O. Connell*); First Guard (on the Carte), Mr Tavistock, from St Stephens (*Mr Russell*); Second Guard (on the tierce), Mr Mayo, from the old Globe Theatre (*Mr O'Dowd*); Spirit of the Thames (with a song), Miss Martindale (who has kindly consented to play the part), who introduces Columbine, *Miss Rosina Wright*, to whom everyone is, and will be, very much indebted, for her freely given assistance on this occasion.—Period: Midnight, about the time of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England. Vide Goldsmith."

On June 22nd, 1856, Mr Robins again appeared as Clown, this time in the amateur pantomime of *William Tell*; or, *The Strike of the Cantons*, at the Royal Italian Opera (Lyceum), on which occasion the list of amateurs was augmented by the names of Frank Talfourd, A. Arcedeckne, and Shirley Brooks. After becoming a professional actor, Mr Robins appeared successfully at various Metropolitan and provincial theatres. In Manchester he was an especial favourite, and there is no doubt he would eventually have made his mark in London, had not a cruel disease paralyzed his efforts. For three years he was to all intents and purposes bedridden. The latter part of his life suggests with irresistible force Shakspeare's beautiful lines—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the road, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

The acute sufferings he endured shortly before his death brought out in bold relief his own patient, uncomplaining endurance and the indescribable and affectionate tenderness of a devoted Wife.  
J. V. B.

COLOGNE.—The Swedish students from Upsala recently gave a concert at the Gürzenich.

\*How many of these are living now!—D. D. (who superintended the rehearsals of the musical department at the Fielding Club, Maiden Lane, when the late Mr Alfred Mellon, volunteer conductor and composer of music, could not attend, and who was present at the performance as one of the foundation members of that never-to-be-forgotten institution).

# FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

We have always upheld the spirit of a truly liberal policy in all matters pertaining to musical art, and it is therefore gratifying for us to note that the bigoted views of the Worcester clergy have at length been dispelled in favour of common sense and urbanity. It was our duty to animadvert somewhat severely upon the proceedings of the Dean and Chapter, which a year or so ago appeared likely to disestablish an institution which has existed for a hundred and fifty years; but now that the light of reason has dawned upon the powers that be, we will not take too harsh a view of the subject. One fact, however, is incontrovertible—music, whether allied to the purpose of worship, or used simply in an objective sense as a means of intellectual entertainment, is equally entitled to the favourable consideration of all men, be they laymen or divines. This is a principle which will hold good in face of all arguments. Other circumstances, however, may alter or detract from the force of music. One man, for instance, may have no more sympathy with the strains of Mozart or Handel than he has with the delicious melody evolved from a hand-saw during the process of its dental renovation; another may object to the fact of our cathedrals being turned into places of amusement during Festival time, adducing in support of his theory that those sacred edifices were constructed for the purposes of holy worship; another may cavil at the introduction of oratorio into the church, and so on. The absurdity as well as the lack of logic on the part of these disputants is apparent to the shallowest perception. There are only a few men—a decided minority, we take it—who would prefer the sharpening of a saw, or the din of cleavers and marrow-bones, to the compositions of Beethoven, Bach, or Mendelssohn; but where these few exist, they will scarcely experience any marked difficulty in satisfying their peculiar tastes. Then, if they do not like hearing the finest, noblest, and most expressive of all arts in the church, they have the easy alternative of staying away—and a good riddance of bad rubbish, as the homely adage hath it. ("Bad rubbish" is tautology, of course, because no one ever heard of good stuff of that kind; but we did not invent the axiom, so refuse to become responsible for its grammatical accuracy.) We all know what was the result of the amended Worcester Festival—an artistic failure, and a small pecuniary gain. But to counterbalance that gain, what a loss was there in dignity, prestige, and manliness! The officious clergymen were not content with the mere expression of their sentiments—which might have been worth much or little, but at any rate could not have borne much weight—but were narrow-minded enough to attempt to stultify the precedent of a century and a half, and give the lie direct to their predecessors in office. If music, instead of being an elevating and inspiring art, were some unholy rite, severity might have been meted out; but even then it is hard to see why a practice which has endured for so long a time should be discontinued because a few wiseacres consider their sapience superior to that of their fore-runners. It is very evident that had the sister cities of Gloucester and Hereford wavered at all in their allegiance, the bad example of Worcester would have prevailed, and the Three Choirs' Festival ceased to exist save in remembrance. Fortunately, however, Gloucester and Hereford were staunch, and the result is to be found in the fact that the Worcester Triennial Festivals are this year to be restored. We truly hope that the reverend and sanctimonious gentlemen who attempted to destroy their continuity will take unto themselves the spirit of unction, and rejoice and make merry over the circumstance. The Festivals are to be restored: well and good; the method of their resuscitation is a minor consideration.

When we pause and reflect upon the vexed question of art in churches, we are apt to forget that these endowed edifices are in themselves the very embodiment of art. Whatever cultivated taste has lent to the power of the simple mason or builder is exemplified in churches and cathedrals the world over where Christianity is known; the more celebrated structures are museums of curious and rare specimens of artistic workmanship, in monuments, paintings, curiously wrought effigies, and mural decorations. A church is nothing, if not a work of art. Now, what is the stupid distinction to be drawn between the employment of one art and another? If we accept the premise that whatever exhibits an elevated tendency, and points to the cultivation of our mental faculties, is good in itself, it is clear that music, which is simply the highest embodiment of intellectual expression—must come within the category. Then it follows that if we import statues and pictures into our churches, music also should be represented, and at its best. With every respect for the established style of ecclesiastical music; with all regard for the beauties of the science which are embodied therein; with all desire to find preserved intact the school of music which succeeding generations of composers have rendered glorious, we

certainly are inclined to a freer and less pedantic form of expression than that generally in vogue. We would have our oratorios performed in church in preference to concert halls, and find these splendid masterpieces incorporated, as it were, in the general practice of worship. Many hymns and anthems are, without doubt, of extreme beauty, but their tendency is usually of a reflective or didactic nature, lacking the dramatic fibre necessary to render the effect immediately apparent. What could be finer or more calculated to inspire devotion than to hear the Biblical narrative related in the manner in which we find it in *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *St Paul*, *The Woman of Samaria*, *The Resurrection*, or *The Light of the World*? To these works, and many others, attaches no reproach on the score of levity of purpose or triviality of treatment. They are sermons, one and all, and the word is preached with rare and surpassing excellence. Yet such productions as these were deemed unsuitable to the performances of a charitable festival, the object of which was to provide relief for the necessitous widows and orphans of the clergy! Then there was a foolish quibble about taking money for admission to the oratorio performances, and a compromise was effected, by which "subscribers" to the fund might secure seats beforehand on the payment of certain moneys. Where the difference lay in this method of proceeding and the more ordinary one of paying at the doors it is difficult to discover; the result in either case is the same, and if it be lawful to take money at all for entering a church, what can matter the method in which it is paid? With as much (or more) reason we might denounce the practice of receiving fees indulged in by the guides and vergers of the cathedrals; the acceptance of "tips" by pew-openers; or even the rental of sittings by the parochial residents. The principle remains unaffected—the Church receives money from the laity, and without that assistance could not get on. And if this be necessary to the support of the institution, with how much more reason should money—voluntarily offered—be freely taken when the object was one with which all sympathies are connected—the relief of the needy?

#### PROPOSED COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.")

The committee of the proposed "Royal and National College of Music" have embodied the results of their preliminary meeting in the following circular:—

"A meeting has recently been held at Marlborough House, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, with the view of advancing the Science and Art of Music and of founding a Royal and National College of Music. At present the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School for Music have no connection. It is proposed, with the assent of the managers of both these institutions, to consider the best methods of bringing them into connection, so that they may co-operate in promoting higher education in the art of music, and form the basis for a new college on a more extended and permanent footing than any existing institution. An Executive Committee, under the presidency of Prince Christian, has been appointed, and will confer with representatives of both these institutions. It is hoped that the present scholarships given by public bodies throughout the country will be continued to the new College, and that the great city and municipal corporations, as well as individuals interested in music, will aid in founding new scholarships. In the autumn the Prince of Wales proposes to invite to a conference the chief representatives of the corporations interested in founding the new College. The following gentlemen attended the preliminary meeting at Marlborough House:—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (in the chair), H.R.H. Prince Christian, K.G., Earl Granville, K.G., Earl Spencer, K.G., Lord Hampton, Lord Clarence Paget, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., Rev. Sir F. A. Gore-Ouseley, Bart., Sir Wm. G. Anderson, K.C.B., Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B., Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Michael Costa, Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P., Mr Alderman Cotton, M.P., Mr Samuel Morley, M.P., Major-General Scott, C.B., the Dean of St Paul's, Mr Thomas Chappell, Mr C. J. Freahe, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, Mr John Hullah, Mr Henry Leslie, Mr Charles Morley, Professor G. A. Macfarren, Mr Kellow Pye, Rev. John Richardson, Dr A. S. Sullivan."

Any proceedings or proposals which have their origin in a genuine desire to promote the growth of musical culture must be regarded with interest, and the movement started by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is calculated to enlist a large amount of public sympathy. There are, however, some considerations which it is impossible to ignore when estimating the value of the results to be expected from a realization of the suggested scheme. We must coincide with those amongst our contemporaries who have pointed out that the Royal Academy of Music is at present flourishing

under professional management, and can scarcely expect to derive much benefit from an amalgamation with the "National Training School for Music," which has thus far been a comparative failure. It is proposed that the two institutions shall be brought into connection, "so that they may co-operate in promoting higher education in the art of music." What "higher education in the art of music" can possibly be given than that already provided at the Royal Academy? This part of the circular may be dismissed as fine phraseology, "signifying nothing." The really important feature in the proposed scheme is the amalgamation of the two academies, in order that they may "form the basis for a new College on a more extended and permanent footing than any existing institution." An extensive vista of pleasant probabilities is at once unfolded, and the reader may give the reins to his imagination, and picture a glorious future, in which native musical talent shall be fostered with something like the liberality shown in fully civilized countries. Yet it would surely have been judicious to give a more explicit statement of the objects of the proposed College, and the manner in which those objects are to be accomplished. Vague generalities will fail to awaken enthusiasm or sympathy when the matter in hand is one which calls for essentially practical details. It is gratifying to find the cause of musical culture espoused by the Royal and noble personages whose names are recorded above, and to whom the sincere thanks of music-lovers are due; but when they solicit public support for "a new College," we cannot help asking whether they have formed any definite ideas as to what they would do with the new College if they could establish it—and if so, why those definite ideas are not communicated to the public? It is always painful to say anything which may appear ungracious to well-meaning and kind-hearted people, but it must be pointed out that under *dilettante* management the Royal Academy of Music was brought to the verge of ruin, and that it is now flourishing vigorously under the management of Dr Macfarren and the practical musicians by whom he is assisted. The National Training School for Music at South Kensington was started by *dilettante*, who took little pains to conceal their expectations that it would eclipse the Royal Academy in public favour. A contrary result has arrived, and the new institution seeks to ensure its vitality by alliance with the elder one. If the Royal Academy, merging into the "new College," should again fall under amateur management, the results would almost certainly be lamentable. Good intentions are not likely to ensure success unless they are combined with practical experience, and with undivided devotion to the object in view.

There are some important considerations which should receive attention from the eminent and benevolent promoters of the new College. 1st. The moment is ripe for the establishment of a State-supported institution for musical instruction. Instead of begging support from City companies and wealthy amateurs, the committee should boldly apply to Parliament for the liberal endowment of a really "National" College of Music, open to all classes of the community, and affording valuable rewards to meritorious students. Let them propose that the metropolitan institution shall be the foster-mother of provincial musical academies in the great towns of the United Kingdom, with London scholarships granted annually to the chief prize-winners in the affiliated institutions. Let them propose to give to English opera its only chance of competing with foreign rivalry, by training pupils for the operatic stage, and providing them with a theatre in which they may practice. The band and chorus would be furnished by the pupils, and a series of public performances by them would be attractive and profitable. Let the best teachers be engaged and liberally paid and pensioned, and let instruction be given gratuitously to necessitous but deserving students. Let the management be entrusted to a committee of head teachers, responsible to the Minister of the Fine Arts, whose advent must surely be nigh. Let it be explained to the nation that the annual cost of this really national institution would be less than a tenth of the cost of a single iron-clad and less than a farthing per head per annum. Who would not be ashamed to oppose such propositions as these? The time must come when Englishmen will deem it essential to the dignity of their nation that music—the most widely cultivated and popular of the fine arts—shall be as liberally encouraged in England as in poorer countries abroad, and the committee of the new College



may do much to accelerate the arrival of this happier condition of affairs by claiming public support for a National Musical College worthy of the name. 2nd. Encouragement should be given to musicians who have completed their studies. Prizes of considerable value should be annually given to the composers of the best oratorio, opera, and orchestral work, and smaller prizes should be given for merit in other branches of musical art. The competitions should be opened to every native musician, and the prize works should be publicly performed. 3rd. A building should be provided, of which the architectural pretensions should be commensurate with the dignity of the art to which it would be devoted. The painters have a splendid building in Piccadilly, and it would be difficult to say why musicians should be less sumptuously lodged. For one Englishman who cares, or professes that he cares, about Raphael and Rubens, there are hundreds, if not thousands, who worship Mozart and Beethoven. In such works as *Il Don Giovanni* and the "C Minor Symphony" there is a larger manifestation of creative genius than can be found in any painting, no matter by whom executed. The painter may show his genius in the combination and arrangement of animate or inanimate objects; but he has been enabled to study the forms, colours, and characteristics of the objects which in some shape or another he re-produces on his canvas. The musician has no such advantages as these, yet without them he can awaken the highest kind of intellectual delight. The opinion of Goethe on this subject should be conclusive. It will be found in the following quotation, which has been aptly chosen as the motto of our esteemed contemporary, the *Musical World*:—

"The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobs whatever it expresses."—Goethe.

The countrymen of Goethe may well stare when they are shown our "Royal Academy of Music," located in a dingy old house in Tenterden Street. We say again that a suitable building should be provided for the College, and the site should be central, if possible. South Kensington is much too distant. The unfinished "National" Operahouse on the Embankment might be completed as a home for the National College of Music. The site is central and quiet. It is easily accessible from all parts of London, and the rental of the building would probably not exceed seven or eight thousand pounds.

4th. As the committee may anticipate opposition from people who "have no music in their souls," and "Friends of Humanity" who object to devote to æsthetic objects any portion of the taxes wrung from needy knife-grinders, we may suggest that the necessary revenue might be appropriately raised by an annual tax of 5s. on pianofortes, which would probably leave a large surplus for contingencies.

The foregoing observations have not been offered in a hostile or disparaging spirit. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the gentlemen whose names are mentioned above, are entitled to earnest thanks for what they have already done on behalf of musical culture. It must nevertheless be admitted that their appeal to the public is vaguely expressed, and would be materially strengthened if practical details were given respecting some of the matters to which we have invited attention.

#### MODERN AUDIENCES. (From "The Theatre").

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For those who live to please, must please to live."

Very true indeed, Doctor Johnson, as was everything that you wrote. True, years ago, when we had Goldsmith living to write us *She Stoops to Conquer*, or that strangely-neglected comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, that would baffle and defeat the vogue of all the farcical comedies that now-a-days we go to see. And equally true this morning. But in those days the English public was a playgoing one. Men and women paid to see the play, and went to see it because they loved it. Now they scorn alike plays and players, and, as a rule, elect to stay away. Though theatres have multiplied of late, it cannot be said that audiences have vastly increased. Of course there is a large playgoing public, but even amongst an ordinary audience the true playgoers are but few. Many there are who go to the theatre, even who go often, but as a rule the modern audience is composed not of a gregarious, but of a

most isolated type. They go not to see the play, but because it is the fashion, or because they are bored. They are not, as a rule, persons who can in any way be classed together. They come from the four winds, and probably they go back to them. But they are of the most indiscriminating class, of the most exacting kind of men. They give nothing. But they ask everything; and if they do not receive it, as is, indeed, impossible, judging by the nature of their exactions, they speedily grow wearied. It is not only that a man is required to possess the manners of a Chesterfield, the erudition of a Bacon, the beauty of Venus, and the voice of Apollo, all combined at a salary of three pounds, may be of thirty shillings, for forty weeks out of the fifty-two, and for thirty years out of the threescore and ten allotted unequally to humanity. But he must possess also all the cardinal virtues. To please the playgoer an artist should be the godchild of all the fairies, and not one of them must have failed to attend his christening ceremony. Playgoers too often pay a player in inverse ratio to his deserts. They as often reward him in like proportion. Too often they assume the virtues that he does not possess, accredit him with vices that are not natural to him, the while they blindly ignore every one of his better qualities.

Modern audiences have done all that lies in their power—and too often they are well-nigh omnipotent—to crush, or at least to dwarf, English art, to discourage promise and to retard perfection. They have contrived (more by ignorant stupidity than actual malice) to advertize the stock reproach that we have no drama, and that our stage is inferior to that of any country equally civilized. For centuries the drama has been suppressed and scorned, while the name of our greatest dramatist is revered as if he were really the representative of English honour, English intellect, patriotism, art, and even religion itself. But the major part of this reverence exists only in the mind's eye, and for all practical purposes it is as idle as a Jew's charity to a Christian or a Mahomedan. The very persons who dignify the poet, elect, as a rule, to disparage the interpreter of his poetry. Nay, more; as a rule those who deride the stage and deplore its decadence belong to that isolated portion of the public that goes to the theatre once in six months, and are the very persons to deride the drama—the very ones to prevent the desired increase of modern audiences. It is nothing to them that Mr Irving is playing *Mathias*, that Miss Ellen Terry is *Olivia*, such an *Olivia* as even dear old Oliver Goldsmith could scarcely have dreamed of; it matters nought to them that Mr Vezin is appearing as the *Man o' Airlie*, or that Mrs Kendal plays *Dora* to the life. For they have a preconceived idea, and they carry it with them to the theatre and back again. Modern audiences are as so many sheep. They wait until someone shall precede them through a gap in the theatrical hedge, and then they follow blindly. When Mrs Bancroft, tired out with burlesque, elected to play comedy, and that of the new and natural type, they admired her at once, and why? Simply because it was the fashion. For years such men as Charles Dickens, J. R. Planché, Mark Lemon, and Shirley Brooks had recognized the little lady's genius. But the public had not; the public had only seen in her a graceful little lady dancing jigs, and until they were told how clever she was they knew nothing of it.

The fact is this, and simply this, the English are a non-playgoing race. *Coram populo*, they applaud the very actor whom privately they crucify. They are as selfish as the Southern American ladies, who impale beetles upon a pin. They admire them because they minister to the enjoyment, and care nought for their sufferings. The actor who is applauded to-night, fêted and re-called, will be "pulled to pieces" over afternoon tea to-morrow; and as they are ungrateful and undiscerning, so are also modern audiences, as a rule, servile. When *opera bouffe*—and that of the least worthy description—was in vogue, they admired *opera bouffe*; and when tragedy came in, tragedy was "the only wear." So it has ever been, so it will ever be, unless an entire change comes over the mask of the drama. Managers are omnipotent. The public pulse quickens at their touch. It is not a question of the performance, or the criticism, or even of the merit of the play, for the British public always reminds me of the company in a theatre of Neapolitan Polichinelli. Very nice-looking; quite well-behaved, so long as in a good temper; very well dressed. But, after all, only marionettes waiting until some clever manipulator shall pull the wires.

FREDERIC C. BROUGHTON.

## BIRTH.

On August the 23rd, at Amphyll Square, the wife of FRANKLIN TAYLOR, of a daughter.

## DEATH.

On August 25th, HERR JOSEPH LIDEL.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878.

## De Venti.



## At the Four Compasses.

DR EAGLES.—Whoa! Boreas. What's up?

DR WIND (*blowing open an envelope*).—Somebody sends me an extract from the Rotunda.

DR EAGLES.—'Bout what?

DR WIND (*angrily*).—'Bout English opera (*reads*):—

"We have the permission of Mr — to announce that he has arranged to give his next winter season of English opera at — Theatre."

DR EAGLES. — { Ha! ha!  
Oh! oh!

DR WIND (*contemptively*).—Why didn't he let me know at the same time? Alas, poor Septimus!

DR EAGLES.—If you were Septimus Severus, you would blow squalls from four quarters simultaneously.

DR WIND (*singing*):—

"There was an old Admiral Fitzroy,  
Whose signal was 'Donner und blitz hey!'  
Look out for a squall!  
But no squall came at all;

Which was rather a sell for old Fitzroy."

DR EAGLES. — { Never mind.  
He's got his half-tenor.

DR WIND (*spectroscopically and telephonically*).—He's not got him. See and hear (*produces magic lantern*). (*Lightning*). Give me a *Il-tz-atle ter*—a *Leit-motiv*.



MANAGER.—Sir, here's the door. If you can't find your other half, don't trouble me any more. (*Exit Half-Tenor.*)

DR EAGLES. — { A sad dilemma!  
A good joke!

DR WIND (*blowing open another envelope*).—Hi! hi! what's here? He's found another (*producing magic lantern*). A hand-tenor:—



MANAGER.—Now, sir, let me hear your voice.

HAND-TENOR (*speechless*).

MANAGER (*imperatively*).—I don't want to see your hands, sir, I want to hear your voice.

HAND-TENOR (*voiceless*).

MANAGER (*furiously*).—If the other couldn't sing with his legs, how can you sing with your hands?

HAND-TENOR (*dumb*).

MANAGER (*in a loud tone*).—Come now—stop your nonsense, sir. Where's your head, sir? (*turning round suddenly*). Why, you've got no head, sir, no body, no legs, not even boots. You are an impostor, sir. Be off! (*Exit Tenor, waving hands excitedly.*)

DR EAGLES. — { Fearful calamity!  
Capital fun!

DR WIND (*blowing open a third envelope*).—Hulloa! Here's Blaze de Bury again!



DR EAGLES (*impatiently*).—Touching what?

DR WIND.—English music at the Trocadéro.

DR EAGLES. — { Read.  
Don't.

DR WIND.—I must. He is more mysterious than ever (*reads*):—

"The performance was not merely *comparative music*, it was *downright ethnography*. Your Englishman is a peculiar being; he is in downright earnest about what he does, and if you turn to an English paper you will find an opera or an oratorio criticised with the same elaborate and conscientious care as a treaty of peace or a speech of Lord Beaconsfield. These concerts were real studies of international manners, and struck us above all by their impersonal character. None of the performers directly challenges the public, or attempts to bring himself forward to the detriment of his neighbour. The composer, the master is the chief object, and when he has been dead for centuries, whole generations devote their time to the posthumous study of his works. . . . These 150 voices, which form but one, irritate my nerves by their absolute perfection, and even a false note would be welcome to me, as a *proof of individuality*. It is cold, very cold, because it is impersonal; but it is requisite to have heard the pianissimos of the choirs, directed by Mr Leslie, to form an idea of that huge collective voice. You would say it was a giant Æolian harp—and, curiously enough, those qualities which the soloists are deficient in are to be found in abundance in that collective entity, the choir."

DR EAGLES. — { "Comparative music"—good.

DR WIND (*with gusts of laughter*).—His nerves were "irritated

by absolute perfection," and a false note would be welcome as a *proof of individuality*!

DR EAGLES. — { Henry Leslie admits "individuality."

DR WIND (*perspiring*).—*Heu cauda!* Never mind. What's

here? (*blowing open a fourth en're'oie*)—

DR EAGLES. — { No more!

{ If no more, why so much?

(*Dr Wind is blown up chimney. Dr Eagles flies through window, into space.*)

The End.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

M<sup>D</sup>ME MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY has returned to Paris covered with English laurels. *A revoir au plutôt possible.*

THE enterprising Mr Pyatt, of Nottingham, has engaged the following distinguished artists for his autumn tour:—M<sup>d</sup>me Christine Nilsson, Miss Orridge, Messrs Santley, H. Nicholson, and Sims Reeves. Mr Sidney Naylor is to be conductor and accompanist. The concerts will take place at Liverpool, Sept. 27th; Glasgow, Sept. 30th; Edinburgh, Oct. 2nd; Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 4th; Manchester, Oct. 8th; Nottingham, Oct. 11th; Birmingham, Oct. 15th; Leeds, Oct. 17th; and Bradford, Oct. 22nd.

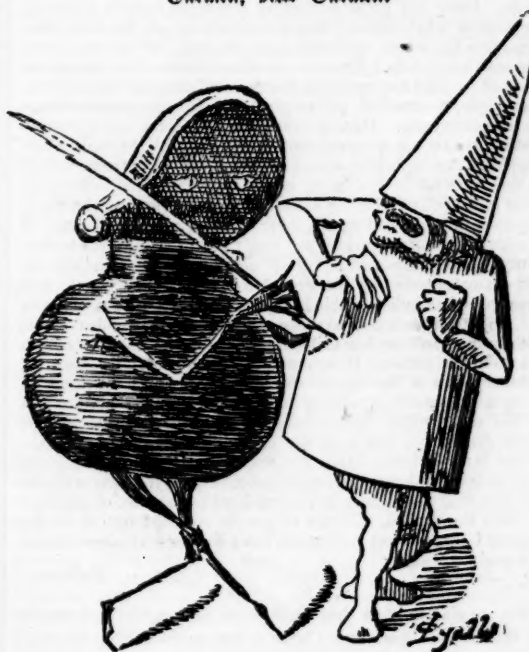
THE Hamburg Philharmonic Society is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence by a grand musical festival to last three days. The programme is selected from the works of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, and (let us hope, although the name is not mentioned) Mendelssohn, who was born at Hamburg, the then great, free Hanseatic town, on the 3rd February, 1809. The dates of the musical performances are fixed for the 25th, 26th, and 28th of next month—a hint for visitors to the Continent who may be taking their holiday at that period, and in that neighbourhood.

WÜRZBURG.—The third annual report of the Royal School of Music has been issued. During the past scholastic year the number of students—130 boarders and 256 day pupils—was 386. The professional staff consisted, besides the director, Herr Carl Kliebert, of 15 members, representing choral and solo singing, elocution, Italian, and literary history; the piano, organ, violin, tenor, violoncello, double bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone, and lute; chamber music, stringed, wind, and orchestral concerted playing; theory and conducting. The total number of lessons given was 9,649. Five concerts were open to the public on payment; four pupils' evenings before an invited audience; and four pupils' evenings without strangers.

#### PROVINCIAL.

RYDE (ISLE OF WIGHT).—Thanks are due to Herr Schubert for the musical treat of Tuesday, August 13. Despite the unfavourable weather, there was a numerous and fashionable audience to listen to the singing of Misses Canton, Lena Law, Messrs Percy Blandford, Federici, and Russell, and to the instrumental performances of Herr Hause (pianoforte) and Herr Schubert (violoncello). The *Hampshire Gazette*, enraptured with Herr Schubert, speaks of him in the following laudatory terms:—"For several years Herr Schubert has literally astonished his hearers with the mellifluous tones he extracts from the violoncello, and on Tuesday evening it would have required the aid of a microphone to detect the ticking of a watch during his magnificent renderings." The vocalists acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience, being repeatedly applauded and called forward.

#### Carmen, still Carmen.



At the Service Tree and Sable.

DR INK.—Let me write my impressions about *Carmen*.

MAJOR PAPER.—No, don't. Polkain has already done it, and his proof was taken to the office. Here it is. Read. Mr Groker Roores has also made comments upon the comments, which he also wrote upon my body.

DR INK.—Never mind. I shall want you about another matter.

[Exit Major Paper.]

October 25, 1838, March 3, 1875, June 3, 1875, are dates replete with interest for the student of musical history, the first and last marking the limits of a career rendered notable chiefly by circumstances connected with the second. On the 3rd of June, 1875, the opera called *Carmen* was represented for the first time. When, exactly three months after this event, Georges Bizet left us, there disappeared the greatest musical genius France ever produced; one compared with whom Auber, despite his truly great *Muette*, and one or two comic operas as charming as characteristic, was on the whole a composer "de la musiquette;" Gounod. . . . When Bizet's *Carmen* Berlioz was brought out in Paris, with M<sup>d</sup>me Galli-Marié as the heroine,

the new opera was not remarkably well received, at any rate by the "Opera-Comique" audience, a fact due perhaps to its unpretentiousness. Three years afterwards it was brought out in London, at Her Majesty's, with a very strong cast, including Miss Minnie Hauk, Signori Campanini, Del Puente, &c., &c., and created quite a *furor*. The criticisms of the press were generally favourable to all concerned, including the dead composer, but of course there were some strange things to be read; as, for example,

that the Torreador's song was an imitation in a disfigured form of a beautiful *finale* in *Ernani*!—thus mentioning Verdi and Bizet in the same breath, as if there was not more intelligence in Bizet's shoe than in all the operas that the instigator of the barrel-organ ever composed put together. *Carmen* is an opera which is healthily free from the humidity of a "pleurnichœur's" tears; on the other hand, we are not startled to no purpose by tremendous crashes, nor disgusted by tunes vulgar as *banals*, but the sentiment we find is true feeling, while the more impassioned passages are not merely noise and windy ravings. Bizet has great orchestral resources, besides a strong perception of what makes a dramatic situation; at the same time he animates the whole work with one principle, which runs down to the smallest details. Observe how the melodies lose themselves in each other, like the curves in the form of a lovely woman; see the delicious, unexpected, yet original and spontaneous combinations of instruments. Here a flute flits off with the last echoes of a motive, as a failing wavelet, bearing a ray of sunlight, sinks away in ripples. Again, in the second act, what can be a more happy idea than that effective blending of two imposing forces—the irresistible gipsy full of winning wiles, near, singing, smiling, burning, and persuading, and calling the lover to love, while the sound of the retreat, distant, uncaring, yet vastly potent, calling the soldier to duty;—what a contrast! "Leit" motives, too, are handled with great dramatic power by the French composer; they should now be recognized as indispensable in opera. *Carmen* carries its own head, to use a common expression; it is not a wooden horse, which in inert solidity has to be dragged along by those who wish to exhibit its action. It is not an aimless and ugly piece of machinery, nor a lay figure destitute of a single harmony in curves, and resembling nothing human or inhuman; neither is it the tale of a vulgar and senseless gossip, whose prate, as she rapidly drives on, goes in at one ear and out at the other. No; *Carmen* is a wonderful thing, instinct with motion, which lightly bears its beauty along, moving all beholders to sympathy with the fairy-like flight; for is it not imbued with the spark of genius—nay, with the winged, wild fire of genius breathed into it by the breath of Georges Bizet? *Carmen* must live for ever, since *Carmen* has a soul.

Polkaw.

[We are glad to know that Polkaw so thoroughly understands and appreciates Bizet and *Carmen*; but unless he has seen and heard Minnie Hauk, he has neither heard nor seen *Carmen*. From his other opinions, especially his estimates of Verdi, Berlioz, and above all, Auber, we wholly dissent. Bizet had a great deal to learn before acquiring the finished mastery of Auber—"de la musiquette" as Auber's music may be considered by those imperfectly acquainted with it; and for "one or two comic operas (of Auber) as charming as characteristic," some dozen or more would be nearer the mark. That Bizet was "the greatest musical genius France had ever produced" is an assumption based upon nothing. Before *Carmen* he had done very little to prove himself a genius at all. That he was really a genius, however, despite his many irregularities, and the pernicious influence early exercised upon him by Wagner, *Carmen* is, in our opinion, enough to show. He died too early, and had studied too superficially to be able to reveal all that was in him, and thus make the most of his unquestionable gifts. Even *Carmen* will not bear close examination from a musically critical point of view. From the first we felt its irresistible charm, and feel it more and more; but we are not blind to its many defects of construction, &c. The sudden passion of Polkaw for *Carmen* is very like love at first sight. The object of that love is (for the time) incomparable—not an

earthly being, but a celestial, not a woman, but an angel—or, at least, a Dryad and a Naiad in one, though she may turn out to be a Mermaid after all, if not absolutely a devil—like Wagner's *Kundry*. Parsifal! Parsifal!—beware in season! Because you are over head and ears in love with *Carmen*, don't be obstinately unjust to the works of other composers, and don't talk irreverently of men like Gounod, Auber, and Berlioz. When *Carmen* has jilted you, as she jilts Don José (for a subduer of bulls), you will, perhaps, then take to Marguerite, or Juliet, or (who can say?) to the dumb Fenella. Now, dear Polkaw, tell us something about what you know of all the other French composers besides Bizet. You must be intimately acquainted with their works to proclaim in such unmeasured terms their inferiority to those of your hero (shall I say *heroine*?—for is not *Carmen*, although you have not seen "the Hauk," at the bottom of it?). Go to your studio, read the *Vita di Giacomo Robusti*, detto *il Tintoretto*, by Carlo Ridolfi, and there, as in Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*, you will find something to your advantage. You might also, without detriment, consult the works of Etienne Henri Méhul—also a French composer of merit.—Your obedient and solicitous,

Erker Roers.

P.S.—There is no "intelligence" in a shoe; nor is Verdi an "instigator of barrel organs;" nor do we admire the phrase, "here a flute flits off;" nor are "Leit motives" (God be praised!) "indispensable."

G. R.]

#### COMMUNIST CONVICT MUSIC.

M. Jules Prével, of the Paris *Figaro*, has received from a Communist convict in the Isle des Pins, New Caledonia, a letter from which the following is an extract:—



"The airs with variations from *Mignon* which I played on my flute caused ten red-hot musicians to spring out of the ground. At first, all they wanted was to amuse themselves, but they afterwards desired to appear in public. Permission was granted, and the first concert was given on the 24th February. Those on the 24th March and the 14th April were better and better. Where do you think we find a place big enough for 2,000 persons? In my grant—in my forest. Our orchestra consists of three

violins, a double-bass, two flageolets, two flutes, a drum, and a triangle, all manufactured here. The violins, of sandal and rosewood, were made by a carpenter and cabinet-maker; the flute, by an engraver and turner; the double-bass is formed from the deal of a soap case. The great thing, however, is that we have an audience—who do not pay, but are content; and that is enough."



Who puts faith in this deserves to attend the performances.

BADEN.—The season has not been as prosperous as it might have been, but hopes are entertained of its improving before its close. A concert was recently given in the "Salon Ludwig XIV." of the Conversationshaus by Mdlle Anna Lankow, of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar, and Dr Hans von Bülow. The gentleman will shortly return to Hanover, and begin his official duties for the season as *Capellmeister* at the Theatre Royal, by getting up Glinka's *Life for the Czar*.

VIENNA.—The Imperial Operahouse re-opened with *Le Prophète*. The autumn novelties, Wagner's *Siegfried*, Gounod's *Philemon et Baucis*, and the ballet of *La Source*, are in active rehearsal. The rehearsals of *Siegfried* are directed by Herr Richter, and those of *Philemon et Baucis* by Herr Gericke. Herr Glatz will sustain the part of the hero in Wagner's work, having studied it for Bayreuth.—Military matters are at present seriously affecting many artists. As an instance: in consequence of the order for mobilisation, Herr Schittenhelm is compelled to bid farewell for a time to the Opera, and join his regiment at Gratz.

## ENGLISH MUSIC AT THE TROCADÉRO.

## Retrospect.

(From the Special Correspondent of the "Musical Times.")

In a recent number of the *Musical Times* appeared an epitome of the arrangements made for an international display of musical art in connection with the French Exhibition. I need not, therefore, tell how and why it came to pass that, on the 17th, 18th, and 20th ult., English music (and other) was performed by English artists (and other) at the Palace of the Trocadéro. Reference to the epitome in question is easy, and my present business amounts to no more than the task of describing what sort of figure our compatriots made in the French capital, and what kind of impression our music seemed to produce.

But there are one or two preliminaries to deal with and dismiss before reaching the main issue. The reader has doubtless observed the little parenthesis just above, and is curious to know its exact force. I will tell him. The music performed was not, as he rightly infers, all English music, nor were the artists engaged all English people. But why not? As to the first fact, it may be pointed out that none of the nationalities as yet represented have confined themselves to native compositions. The Italians, for example, played works by Beethoven and Berlioz; so that it was no departure from the general scheme, and no necessary confession of weakness, for our own representatives to draw upon Handel and Mendelssohn. Moreover, two out of the three programmes were exclusively English, and the proportion of foreign art in the third was not large enough to provoke the hostility of any reasonable critic. As regards the artists, my reader will have in mind the fact that when the French authorities discovered how difficult it was in some cases for the representatives of foreign nations to bring an orchestra, they proffered the services of the band officially connected with the Exhibition. Of this advantage, our own people, I much regret to say, were compelled to avail themselves. England might and should have sent over an orchestra—that of the Philharmonic, or the more splendid one organized by Mr Weist Hill for Mme Viard-Louis' concerts; but as through lukewarmness and want of enterprise she did not, it became necessary to accept the generous offer of France, or limit the display to purely vocal music. Every patriotic amateur must regret this; but, on the other hand, there is cause for rejoicing in that England escaped the great danger and deep humiliation of not being represented at all. The escape was a narrow one. But for a fortuitous combination of favourable circumstances, such as the willingness of a large number of ladies and gentlemen to make the necessary sacrifice of time, and the readiness of others to guarantee pecuniary means, our country's muse would have been silent on the Trocadéro, and our country's name made a by-word and a mocking. It is all very well to say that the representation of British musical art was unworthy. That is a matter of opinion, and not of fact. Unworthy it may have been as regards its limited scope, but as far as it went it was the opposite; and none have been readier to admit this than the intelligent French critics and amateurs who attended every performance, and followed the proceedings with unflinching interest. Let us give credit, therefore, to Mr Arthur Sullivan, our official mouthpiece with the French authorities, and to Mr Henry Leslie, the leader of the choir engaged, for all they did, and did so well, to sustain the honour of their country. They cannot be blamed for what was left undone, nor should any sin of omission not theirs take away from the virtue of actual achievement.

The first concert, as already intimated, took place on Wednesday, July 17, and was by far the most important of the series, for the sufficient reason that it alone combined the French orchestra and the English choir. It alone, moreover, excited a manifest interest, and brought together a host of distinguished people, including the Prince of Wales (who had travelled to Paris expressly to be present), Lord Lyons, M. Gambetta, the Duchess of Magenta, M. Halanzier, M. Lamoureux, M. Gounod, and many other notables. The large hall, however, was by no means full, the boxes especially showing a "beggarly array" of vacant chairs. Some ingenious reasons were assigned for the abstention of so large a part of the *beau monde*; and guesses ranged even as far as Cyprus, the occupation of that island by Great Britain having, it was thought, offended the national pride. But the real explanation lies in the fact that the great world of Paris—or, rather, the major part of it—had left the town to provincials and foreigners, and could no more than the famous bird of Sir Boyle Roche be in two places at once. Even as it was, the hall had a sufficiently brilliant appearance, and moved the reporter of the *Figaro* to something like enthusiasm. "Never," wrote that impressionable gentleman, "had the immense *salle des fêtes* contained so many people. True, it was not full, but probably we shall never see it full on any occasion. From the pit to the tribunes, on all sides, one saw the charming Englishwomen, young girls in great numbers—a collection of the most ravishing misses

(sic) of which it is possible to dream. All that Paris still retains of Paris society was scattered about the boxes and the amphitheatre." But French eyes were not so pleased by what they saw upon the stage. A Frenchman, on any and every occasion of ceremony, puts himself into evening dress, no matter what hour of the day; and the ladies of French choirs never appear save in uniform. Imagine, then, their surprise when the English singers, male and female alike, came upon the platform in ordinary walking attire, and remained there to be gazed at—another strange custom—during the whole of the concert. With reference to this matter, the *Figaro* said:—"We remarked that nobody was in evening dress, and that the female choristers wore what pleased them without any kind of uniformity. It appears that in London the dress-coat is essentially a garment for evening use, and that never, on any account, is it put on during the day. Moreover, when the men are not in full dress the women do not make a fresh toilette. But it must be said that the executants of to-day were a little too negligent in the matter of attire." The *Gaulois*, on its part, was so shocked that it could not pursue the subject. It remarked:—"I had almost forgotten to say that the French public experienced some surprise at seeing the female singers in walking dress, and the men in morning coats, remain on the platform the whole time, after the fashion of artists at certain *café* concerts. It appears that this is the English custom. We will not discuss it." The French journalists were at full liberty to express astonishment, but saw that they ought to stop short there. Not one was illogical enough to complain that the English custom had been followed. These were English concerts, and half their value, under the special circumstances, depended upon their being given in the English manner. The French discerned this, but not so our compatriots. Taking the remarks of the journals as censure, they made at the last concert a feeble attempt to conciliate native taste by removing the ladies' bonnets, and putting over their shoulders a coloured scarf like that worn at the Albert Hall. The effect, even to the eye, was not happy, while it must have excited the ridicule of the very men whose observations had caused the change.

Coming to the programme of the opening concert, I cannot do better, looking at its historic character, than give the full text:—

Overture, *Chevy Chase* (G. A. Macfarren); Trio, *Falstaff* (W. Balfe)—chanté par Misses Robertson de Fonblanque et F. Robertson; Solo et chœur, "Viens si tu l'oses," *King Arthur* (Henry Purcell); Solo par M. Barton McGuckin; Concerto en Fa mineur, pour piano et orchestre (W. Sterndale Bennett)—exécuté par Mme Arabella Goddard.

Motet pour double chœur, "In exitu Israël" (Samuel Wesley); Fragments de l'Oratorio, *Immanuel* (Henry Leslie)—récitatif et quatuor par Misses Robertson et F. Robertson, MM. Barton McGuckin et Wadmore; Motet, "Hosanna au Fils de David" (Orlando Gibbons); Scène et air de l'Oratorio, *The Light of the World* (Arthur Sullivan)—solos par Mme Mudie-Beling-broke et M. Joseph Maas.

Intermezzo pour Orchestre, *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (J. F. Barnett); Part-song, "Doucement et sans bruit" (J. Barnby); Madrigal, "Ma gentille silette" (Thomas Morley); Trio, *Maritana* (W. V. Wallace)—par Miss Robertson, MM. Barton McGuckin et Wadmore; *Ouverture di ballo*, "l'Ouverture du bal" (Arthur Sullivan).  
"God save the Queen."

Of course it is easy to find fault with the selection, and to say that this, that, or the other piece was not so worthy of a hearing as this, that, or the other among the thousands excluded. Speaking for myself, there are some that I should not have chosen, and every one of my readers would be perfectly ready to say the same if asked. But the matter should be looked at from a practical point of view, and estimated not so much according to what was desirable as with reference to what was possible. Here was a choir with a *specialité* for unaccompanied vocal music joined to a French orchestra wholly strange to the art it had to illustrate, and here were certain young English soloists of limited experience and by no means universal capacity. With these materials Messrs Sullivan and Leslie had to work as best they could; and I, for one, decline to complain because the result was not that which might have been secured under happier conditions. It is easy, also, to urge that the soloists just referred to were not representative of English vocal skill. Truly they were not, nor would they themselves assert the affirmative. But there again it was a question of half a loaf or none at all—a question settled by proverbial philosophy long ago. Mr Sullivan would have hailed with delight the co-operation of Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley, while Mr Leslie would have rejoiced beyond measure at the advent of Mme Lemmens and Mme Patey. These artists being impossible, and others of like standing equally out of reach, for reasons not difficult to surmise, recourse was had to the young people whose names are given above. That they did not disgrace themselves or their country will fully appear, and so far was their selection justified.

(To be continued.)



## PUBLIC AND POPULARITY.\*

By RICHARD WAGNER.

(Concluded from page 549.)

*Virtuosity*, properly so called, belongs, therefore, to talent, and the above definition becomes most intelligible in the case of the musical virtuoso. We have before us the works of our great composers; but he alone who possesses the special talent can execute them in the spirit of the masters. To enable his virtuosity to shine entirely for itself, the musician frequently arranges pieces of his own; these then belong to the category of the Mediocre, while their virtuosity of itself can properly not be included under it, since we must frankly confess that a mediocre virtuoso comes under no category whatever. A virtuosity nearly allied to that described, that is to say, the effectiveness of what is properly called talent, is to be found with marked distinctness in the members of the literary profession among the French. These possess the instrument for exercising the virtuosity, in a language, namely, which appears to have been especially formed for the purpose, and of which the highest law is that the writer shall express himself cleverly, wittily, and above all things, neatly and clearly. It is impossible for a French author to find acceptance unless he satisfies, first and foremost, these demands of his language. Perhaps the pre-eminent attention which he has to bestow upon his form of expression, on his style, for itself alone, renders more difficult for him the task of attaining to true Novelty of Thoughts, that is, to the perception of the aim which others do not yet see, and that precisely because he would not be able to find for a thoroughly new idea the happiest expression, producing an instantaneous and telling effect on all. This will, perhaps, explain why in their literature the French can show such unsurpassable virtuosos, while the intrinsic value of their works, with the great exceptions of former times, seldom rises over the Mediocre.

Nothing imaginable can be more preposterous than to see adopted by German writers the quality which makes the French, owing to their language, clever virtuosos. The idea of employing the German language as an instrument for virtuosity could strike only those to whom the language is really unfamiliar, and hence misemployed by them for bad ends. None of our great poets and sages can, therefore, be judged as virtuosos in language; each of them was in the position of Luther, who, for his translation of the Bible, had to look about in all the German dialects to find the word and the turn for expressing in a nationally German style that New Something, as which the original text of the Sacred Books had revealed itself to him. For the difference between the German mind and that of every other civilized nation is this: those producing for and working in it first of all saw something previously unspoken before they thought about writing, which in their case was a necessity consequent on their previous inspiration. So each of our great poets and sages had to begin by forming his own language, a necessity to which not even the imaginative Greeks appear to have been subjected, because their language, as an element constantly spoken and full of life, and not spoilt by bad authorship, was ready to their hand. How, on the other hand, did Goethe complain in a poem from Italy, of being condemned by his birth to have to do with the German language, in which everything had to be invented, while for the Italians and French, for instance, everything was already in existence. That under such necessities we have beheld only rarely original minds rise up as productive should give us a lesson about ourselves, and at any rate convince us that a peculiar state of things obtains among us Germans. This conviction will, also, teach us that if, in any branch of art, virtuosity is a proof of talent, that talent, at least, in the department of literature, must be completely denied to Germans; any one who tries to attain virtuosity herein will always be a bungler, but when, as such, he plans out poetic subjects for his supposed virtuosity somewhat after the fashion that the musical virtuoso composes his own pieces, his efforts will belong to the category, not of the Mediocre, but to that of the downright Bad, that is, utterly Void.

This bad, because void, element has become, however, that of all modern—so-called belletristic—literature. The authors of our

numerous historical books on literature desire apparently to think about this, and hit upon all kinds of strange notions, such, for instance, as that we no longer produce anything good because Goethe and Schiller led us astray, and that it is the mission of our young gutter-feuilletonists to set us in the right road again. Any one following this up, with great ignorance, but the requisite impudence, as an honest trade, till he has reached his sixtieth year, is provided by the Minister of Education with a pension. It is not surprising, therefore, that these men of printed German intelligence entertain an uncommon hatred for the Good, the work of genius, if only because it disturbs them so much; and how easy is it for them to find sympathizers in their hate: the whole reading public—nay, the entire nation—degraded by reading the papers, sturdily backs them up.

Owing to the most incredible delusions of our governments as to the character of the Germans, and the errors springing therefrom, and obstinately adhered to, as well as the mistakes consequently committed, extraordinary facility was afforded for our becoming liberal. What was, properly speaking, to be understood by liberalism, we could quietly leave for consideration and realization to those who preached it, and looked after the business part. We were told we wanted—above all things—freedom of the press, and every one clapped into prison by the Censure was a martyr and most certainly a sincere man, to be everywhere followed by our judgment. If such a man succeeded in making an income of half a million of thalers by his paper, people admired in him a very intelligent man of business as well as a martyr. Matters still go on in the same fashion, though, since freedom of the press and universal suffrage have been decreed from the other side out of mere pleasure in the thing, we have really no longer to combat the foes of liberalism. But it is in active combat, that is, in combating something declared to be dangerous, that the power of the journalist and the charm exerted by him on his public consist. Then it is: We possess the power, and have at our back 40,000 subscribers, looking at us; what shall we attack now? Hereupon the whole literary and representative body come to the rescue: All are liberal, and hate anything uncommon, especially anything pursuing its own course without troubling itself about them. The more rare such prey is, the more unanimously do they all fall on it when it does present itself. And the public, still behind them, looks on, with at least the delight of malignant joy, and also the satisfaction of being convinced that it is standing up for popular rights, since even, for instance, in matters of art, of which it understands nothing, the principal notice-writers who have risen to complete celebrity in the greatest, most approved, and most liberal papers, are the persons who tranquillize the public conscience as to the public derision of what they abuse being in the right place. What, on the other hand, is the only worthy use of such journalistic power created with extraordinary success is something which never influences those who wield that power; I mean: to bring forward an unknown or unappreciated man, and cause what he has at heart to be generally recognized. But besides wanting the proper courage, they are above all things deficient in the necessary mind and intelligence for such a task, and this is true in every case. While these liberal champions were wearing themselves away with vexation about the liberty of the press, they quietly allowed the national economist, Friedrich List, with his great and eminently beneficial plans for the welfare of the German nation, to perish unnoticed, and wisely left to posterity the task of setting up to one who for the realization of those plans did not, it is very certain, require *freedom* but *capacity* of the press—a monument, that is, a memorial of their own disgrace. Where would the great Schopenhauer, the truly only free German man of his day, now be, had not an English Reviewer discovered him for us? Even at present the German nation knows nothing about him save what one railway traveller hears from another, namely, that Schopenhauer's system is: We ought to shoot ourselves.—Such are specimens of the culture to be gained on a clear summer evening in a pleasant garden-bower.\*

There is, however, another side to all this. We have treated in the latter part of our investigation exclusively of those who lead the public, and in doing so have left the public itself out of consideration. The persons in question are not so wholly responsible

\* From *Bayreuther Blätter*.\* "Garden-bower," in German: *Gartenlaube*, the title of the journal to which Herr Wagner refers in the earlier part of his article.

for the evil they have worked as a strict judge of their doings may at first sight suppose. After all, they do what they can, both morally and intellectually. There are a great many of them; literary men are as numerous as the sand on the seashore, and every one wants to live. They might do something more useful and more pleasing, it is true. But it has become so easy, and consequently so seductive to idle at literature and journalism, especially as it is so profitable. Who assists them in the exercise, costing so little to learn, and yet so quickly remunerative, of this aggressive literary idling?

Undoubtedly the public itself, in which they have made the partiality for indolence, the sorry delight in warming itself at a straw fire, as well as the inherent leaning of Germans to rejoice in others' misfortunes, and the liking for being flattered, a most pleasant habit. I should not like to trust myself to get at this public; every one who, either in a railway carriage, a coffee-house, or in a garden-bower,\* prefers reading, to himself hearing, seeing, and experiencing, cannot be got at by any amount of writing and printing on our side. Ten editions of a libel against a man are eagerly devoured, while what he himself writes is never read. For this there are deep reasons, reaching into the Metaphysical.

What other public, on the other hand, I mean, and what favourable results might be hoped from it for a more flourishing condition, namely, of matters connected with public art and culture, I have already hinted, and I reserve for a second article the task of exposing—or to express it in modern virtuosic language, of putting in a clear light,†—my views upon the subject.

RICHARD WAGNER.

#### BIG BEN.

Now that public interest is likely to be attracted for a time to the subject of bells and bell tones by the presentation of a peal to St Paul's Cathedral, it seems desirable that attention should be given to our great bell at Westminster, which has for so many years boomed out the hours of the day and night with commendable accuracy as regards time, but to the distress of all within a certain radius who have anything approximating to a musical ear. The D, E, F sharp, and G of the chimes are quite worthy of the handsome tower and the splendid clock with which they are associated, and nothing but a good E on the part of the mighty Ben is required to make everything connected with this clock tower a credit to the Houses of Parliament. As everybody knows, however, Big Ben is badly cracked, and his attempt to thump out the note expected of him is a horrible failure. Londoners have put up with his incompetency a good many years, but since he first began performing in public vast strides have been made in our musical progress. The public ear and the public taste have become refined, comparatively speaking, and musical education is now proceeding with a rapidity scarcely hoped for when the Westminster clock was started nearly twenty years ago. Under such circumstances, it will be strange if public susceptibilities should much longer tolerate that our principal metropolitan clock—we may say, indeed, our great national clock—shall beat out the time on this Brobdignagian gong. Sooner or later Big Ben will have to be re-cast, and now that we are devoting a little attention to bells, and our founders seem to be fast establishing their claim to be considered quite as competent as Continental founders, it may be expected that the subject should not be much longer neglected. This huge bell is at present a national disgrace, and the sooner it is replaced by another, the better for our reputation.—*Globe*.

PRAGUE.—The deaf and dumb composer, Smetano, has been on a visit here. He brought with him his new national three-act opera, *Geheimnis*, which is accepted by Herr Klicka, manager of the Techek Theatre, to whom Smetano played the more important numbers to mark the *tempi*. This is his seventh dramatic work, and, like *Der Kuss* and later productions, was written when he was completely deaf. His operas have already brought 100,000 florins to the treasury of the Techek Theatre.

CATANIA.—To celebrate the return to his native place of Bellini's remains, the *Circolo*, or club, which bears his name has offered twelve prizes—two medals of gold, four of silver, and six of bronze—for six vocal pieces of chamber music with pianoforte accompaniment, and six exclusively instrumental pieces.

\* See preceding note.

† *Klarzettel*.

#### A NEW VIEW OF "LORD DUNDREARY."

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The character of Lord Dundreary does not at first sight appear to suggest any reflections on the philosophy of art; but, as a matter of fact, the enduring vitality of that hero of farcical comedy is in its way a striking illustration of a highly important artistic doctrine. That doctrine is that the idealization of character is the source and principle of dramatic vitality; and this truth is enforced with exceptional strength by the thriving survival of a monstrous dramatic caricature after a period during which a hundred far more faithful imitations of individual models have passed away. For Lord Dundreary lives—much as he would doubtless be puzzled by being told so—by his ideality. Considered from the point of view of realistic art, he is, as we have described him, a caricature too monstrous to afford more than a passing amusement. If the lisp, and the skip, and the stutter, and the feeble bleating laugh, are all—as unquestionably they are—all—but legitimate exaggerations of peculiarities severally discoverable here and there among the inhabitants of the world of reality, their combination nevertheless in an individual, and their association with the mental habits of this singular peer, make up altogether a picture too violently coloured for the purposes of pure comedy. As fooling, as buffoonery, as broad farce, its exhibition might divert for a while; but it is doubtful whether it could have endured through four acts, and certain that it could not have been revived after seventeen years. It was not in virtue of the physical peculiarities which he burlesques, but of the intellectual condition which he typifies, that Lord Dundreary reaches that level of art which all dramatic characters must reach to live, and which having once reached they will live, however grotesque may be their presence and surroundings. Caricature, of course, enters largely into this part of the conception also; and, thanks to the haphazard fashion in which the eccentric part came to be engrafted by its original actor and creator upon a singularly commonplace play, the caricature is, in many passages, of a kind which sacrifices the consistency of the conception for the sake of catching a laugh. But, taken as a whole, it is the idealized expression of a distinct type of intellect—a type which it would be unjust to look for in the peerage alone, seeing that it occurs, *mutatis mutandis*, throughout the whole of what may be called the leisurely classes of society. Lord Dundreary, it should not be necessary to say, is by no means a mere imbecile. His normal condition of mind is as far as possible removed from hebetude or vacuity. It is, on the contrary, only too busy for his mental peace. As well might we say that Hamlet's moral sense is inactive as that Lord Dundreary's intellect slumbers. The irresolute prince does not grapple more strenuously and unceasingly with the problems of conduct than does the puzzled peer with the enigmas of the understanding. The paradoxical properties of numbers weigh upon him with an oppressive sense of mystery. He battles with the ambiguities of language, and with the seemingly logical but plainly inadmissible inferences to which they appear to lead. In his meditations on the complexities of genealogy, he is once at least brought face to face with one of the profoundest of metaphysical problems. It is hardly too much, in short, to describe him as the Hamlet of the intellectual life, doomed like him to perpetual self-questionings, which, like him, he is unable to answer: the one confronted with a tremendous "case of conscience" which no casuist could resolve, the other beset with mental puzzles which "no fellow can understand."

It is plain, however, from this analysis, which does not pretend to be exhaustive, that Lord Dundreary is in no legitimate sense of the word a fool, nor even a man of dull intelligence. His capacity for seeing the difficulties which exercise him is sufficient proof to the contrary, and it is further evidenced in the nature of his relations with those around him. Among them his remarks often display considerable good sense, and even occasionally a species of perverted acuteness; and it is often only his superior sensibility to verbal equivocation which leads him to mistake their most commonplace observations for the symptoms of pronounced lunacy. The audience, who are admitted to the secret of intellectual perplexities, which in real life would take the form, not of overheard soliloquies, but of silent internal wrestlings, are naturally tempted to depreciate his understanding; but, divesting ourselves of this prepossession, we shall find no reason for doubting that Lord Dundreary was a man of quite average shrewdness and intelligence in his dealings with his fellow-men. The character, in short, as conceived and—subject to the exceptions above referred to—as presented by Mr. Sotherton, is the type not of mental weakness, but merely of mental confusion. It is the idealization, of course, in caricature, of precisely those defects of mind which give birth to the "bull"—a monster, be it noticed in support of our view of his lordship's character, which is supposed to be among the indigenous fauna of as quick-witted a race of intellects as any that exists. And it is because these defects of mind are a constant phenomenon of human nature—because, in

short, every intelligence is more or less liable to the error of drawing insane conclusions from sane premises—that the complete personification of this weakness in a single individual has given him a share in the immortality of the foible which he personifies. That, as an individual, his existence is incredible, matters not. He exists in the type for which he stands—the only form of existence of which art need take cognizance, the only form of existence which the greatest art possesses or ever will possess until the advent of a race of beings with the thews of the Discobolus and the lines of the Melian Venus.

How Mr. Sothern plays the part we have been discussing is so well known that criticism would be out of place. It need only be said here that if his performance has lost somewhat of its vigour as a physical caricature, it still retains all its former curious subtlety in delineating the mental condition of the eccentric nobleman; and in doing so, of course, it retains all that gives enduring value to the dramatic portrait.

#### —o— WAIFS.

Gilmore's Band has been playing at Berlin.

Señor Gayarre has been stopping in Milan.

Boito's *Mefistofele* has been produced at Brescia.

Mdme Enriquez is passing her vacation in Paris.

The Quartet Society of Rome will play at the Trocadéro.

Mdme Trebelli has appeared three times at the Theatre, Prague.

The Fenice, Venice, has been taken by the well-known *impresario*, Signor Brunello.

The Pirna Liederkrantz lately gave the Abbate Liszt, now at Weimar, a "morning-music."

Mdme Alice Barth is to be the vocalist during the ensuing week at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool.

Verdi is at *chez lui*, busily engaged upon his new opera, *Montezuma*. Let us hope it may be another *Aida*.

Herr Suppé's new buffo opera, *Boccaccio*, will be first produced at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, this winter.

Any man pays too much for his whistle, says the *Cincinnati Saturday Night*, when he wets it fifteen or twenty times a day.

Signori Faccio and Pedrotti have been nominated Officers d'Académie by the French Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts.

Mr Carl Rosa and his English opera company leave to-morrow for Bristol, where a brief series of performances will be held, beginning on Monday night.

Mr Max Strakosch, with Miss Marie Louise Kellogg (who has for some time been in England), leaves for New York to-day, from Liverpool, by the Scythia.

Miss Emma Thursby, the young American vocalist of whom so much has been said and written, has gone to Paris, but will return to pass the winter season in London.

Signor and Mdme Arditì have gone to Paris to visit the Exhibition. Shortly after their return Signor Arditì will proceed to the United States of America, where he will officiate as conductor to the operatic troupe from Her Majesty's Theatre.

"If," says the *Boston Courier* (U.S.), "a man works for a week and gets nothing for his labour, he takes it as bad luck, and says nothing; but when he spends five minutes in sharpening a lead pencil and the point breaks off, he raves like a madman."

We have the permission of Mr Carl Rosa to announce that he has arranged to give his winter season of English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. The late M. Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, the most attractive novelty of the operatic season this year, will be produced by Mr Rosa, with the original scenery and appointments, in an English version, written and adapted by Mr Henry Hersee expressly for the Carl Rosa Company.—*Globe*.

PARIS.—M. Lecocq's comic operetta, *Le Petit Duc*, has passed its two hundredth night at the Renaissance. The receipts for the two hundred performances amount to 851,234 francs. Meanwhile *La Fille de Madame Angot* has been re-produced at the Folies-Dramatiques for the delectation of visitors, native and foreign, to the "Exposition Universelle." *Hamlet* has been revived at the Grand Opera, but—much to the detriment of M. Ambroise Thomas—with no Faure for Hamlet, no Christine Nilsson for Ophelia. M. Bouhy, as the one, and Mlle Daram, as the other, seem, nevertheless, in a certain degree to satisfy the public, while there is but one opinion about the excellence of Mlle Bloch, in the character of Queen Gertrude, which she looks well, sings well, and acts well. The operas at present alternating with *Hamlet* are *L'Africaine* and M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*.—(Correspondence.)

MR H. J. MONTAGUE.—New York theatre-goers and members of the theatrical profession generally were shocked to hear that Mr H. J. Montague, the popular actor, died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs on the 11th of August, in the Palace Hotel, at San Francisco. So far as is at present known, his death was partly the result of a severe cold which he contracted several weeks ago, and partly of the great physical strain which he imposed upon himself in his impersonation of the character of Julian Beauclerc, in *Diplomacy*. He was attacked by hemorrhage while playing this part for his own benefit in San Francisco, but quickly rallied, and no thought that his life was in danger was entertained. He was born in Staffordshire, England, in 1846, and received a good education. His parents intended him for the Church, but financial disasters prevented the completion of his training in this direction, and the lad became a clerk in a London insurance office. In this position he remained for five years, but during this period he was gradually preparing himself for the profession which he afterwards adopted with so much success.—*New York Times*.

The decorations and alterations now being executed at St James's Hall by the firm of Messrs Lee, under the direction of the architect, Mr Emden, are of an exceedingly thorough description. The hall is being painted from wainscot to roof, and the mural decorations and those on the ceiling are being done in permanent oils. At present the hall is a forest of scaffold poles, and but little idea can be gained of the result. But, from the scraps to be seen here and there, the hall, with fresh paint, new gilding, and complete renovation, will be almost unrecognizable. Another great improvement will be the removal of the long gas jets which formerly swung from the ceiling, and the substitution of handsome sunlights, by the eminent firm of Defries & Sons. Messrs Bryceson, Son & Ellis are also building a completely new organ. The newly decorated St James's Hall, which will now be the handsomest, as it has long been the most popular concert-hall in the metropolis, will probably be inaugurated by a series of special entertainments of a popular and miscellaneous character.—*The London Figaro*.

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VICENZA.—Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* has been produced at the Teatro Eretenio, Signor Mancelli being conductor.

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